

2. *Mur.* I would he knew that I had sau'd his brother,
Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slaine.

Exit.

1. *Mur.* So do not I: go Coward as thou art.
Well, Ile go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the Duke giue order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meede, I will away,
For this will out, and then I must not stay.

Exit.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Flourish.

Enter the King sick, the Quene, Lord Marquesse
Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Catesby,
Buckingham, Woodvill.

King. Why so: now haue I done a good daies work.
You Peeres, continue this vnited League:

I, every day expect an Embassage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence.
And more to peace my soule shall part to heauen,
Since I haue made my Friends at peace on earth.
Dorset and *Rivers*, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, Swear your loue.

King. By heauen, my soule is purg'd from grudging hate
And with my hand I seale my true hearts Loue.

Hast. So thrine I as I truly sweare the like.

King. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Left he that is the supreme King of Kings
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue.

Ri. And I, as I loue *Hastings* with my heart,

King. Madam, your selfe is not exempt from this:
Nor you Sonne *Dorset*, *Buckingham* nor you;
You haue bene factious one against the other.
Wife, loue Lord *Hastings*, let him kisse your hand,
And what you do, do it vnfeignedly.

Qu. There *Hastings*, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, so thrine I, and mine.

King. *Dorset*, embrace him:

Hastings, loue Lord Marquesse.

Dor. This interchange of loue, I heere protest
Vpon my part, shall be inuolable.

Hast. And so sweare I.

King. Now Princely *Buckingham*, seale y this league
With thy embracements to my wiues Allies,
And make me happy in your vnity.

Bus. When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
Vpon your Grace, but with all dutious loue,
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most loue,
When I haue most need to imploy a Friend,
And most assured that he is a Friend,
Deepe, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he vnto me: This do I begge of heauen,
When I am cold in loue, to you, or yours.

Embrace

King. A pleasing Cordiall, Princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy Vow, vnto my sickly heart:
There wanteth now our Brother *Gloster* heere,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Bus. And in good time,
Heere comes Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*, and the Duke.

Enter Ratcliffe, and Gloster.

Rich. Good morrow to my Soueraigne King & Queen
And Princely Peeres, a happy time of day.

King. Happy indeed, as we haue spent the day:
Gloster, we haue done deeds of Charity,
Made peace of enmity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong incensed Peeres.

Rich. A blessed labour my most Soueraigne Lord,
Among this Princely heape, if any heere
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise
Hold me a Foe: If I vnwillingly, or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne,
To any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his Friendly peace:
Tis death to me to be at enmitie:

I hate it, and desire all good mens loue,
First Madam, I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dutious seruice.
Of you my Noble Cousin *Buckingham*,
If euer any grudge were lodg'd betweene vs,
Of you and you, Lord *Rivers* and of *Dorset*,
That all without desert haue frown'd on me:
Of you Lord *Woodvill*, and Lord *Scales* of you,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all,
I do not know that Englishman aliue,
With whom my soule is any ior at odds,
More then the Infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my Humility.

Qu. A holy day shall this be kept heereafter:
I would to God all strifes were well compounded,
My Soueraigne Lord, I do beseech your Highnesse
To take our Brother *Clarence* to your Grace.

Rich. Why Madam, haue I offered loue for this,
To be so flowted in this Royall presence?

Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead? *They*
You do him iniurie to scorne his Coarse. *all start*

King. Who knowes not he is dead?
Who knowes he is?

Qu. All-seeing heauen, what a world is this?

Bus. Looke I so pale Lord *Dorset*, as the rest?

Dor. I my good Lord, and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.

Rich. Is *Clarence* dead? The Order was reuerst.

Rich. But he (poore man) by your first order dyed,
And that a winged Mercurie did beare:

Some tardie Cripple bare the Countermand,
That came too lagge to see him buried.

God grant, that some lesse Noble, and lesse Loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,

Deferue not worse then wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet go currant from Suspicion.

Enter Earle of Derby.

Der. A boone my Soueraigne for my seruice done.

King. I prethee peace, my soule is full of sorrow.

Der. I will not rise, vlesse your Highnesse heare me.

King. Then say at once, what is it thou request.

Der. The forfeit (Soueraigne) of my seruants life,

Who flew to day a Riorous Gentleman,

Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

King. Haue I a tongue to doome my Brothers death?

And shall that tongue giue pardon to a slaue?

My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,

And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who

Who sued to me for him? Who (in my wrath)
Kneel'd and my feet, and bid me be aduis'd?
Who spoke of Brother-hood? who spoke of loue?
Who told me how the poore soule did forsake
The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury,
When Oxford had me downe, he rescued me:
And said deare Brother liue, and be a King?
Who told me, when we both lay in the Field,
Frozen (almost) to death, how he did lap me
Euen in his Garments, and did giue himselfe
(All thin and naked) to the numbe cold night?
All this from my Remembrance, brutish wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your Carters, or your wayting Vassalls
Haue done a drunken Slaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deere Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,
And I (vnjustly too) must grant it you.
But for my Brother, not a man would speake,
Nor I (vgracious) speake vnto my selfe
For him poore Soule. The proudest of you all,
Haue bin beholding to him in his life:
Yet none of you, would once begge for his life.
O God! I feare thy iustice will take hold
On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.
Come *Hastings* helpe me to my Closset.

Ah poore *Clarence*. *Exeunt some with K. & Quene.*

Rich. This is the fruits of rashnes: Markt you not,
How that the guilty Kindred of the Quene
Look'd pale, when they did beare of *Clarence* death.

O! they did vrge it still vnto the King,

God will reuenge it. Come Lords will you go,

To comfort *Edward* with our company.

Bus. We wait vpon your Grace. *exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the old Dutchesse of Yorke, with the two
children of *Clarence*.

Edw. Good Grandam tell vs, is our Father dead?

Dutch. No Boy.

Daugh. Why do weepe so oft? And beate your Brest?

And cry, O *Clarence*, my vnhappy Sonne.

Boy. Why do you looke on vs, and shake your head,

And call vs Orphans, Wretches, Castaways,

If that our Noble Father were aliue?

Dut. My pretty Cousins, you mistake me both,

I do lament the sicknesse of the King,

As loath to lose him, not your Fathers death:

It were lost sorrow to waile one that's lost.

Boy. Then you conclude, (my Grandam) he is dead:

The King mine Vnckle is too blame for it.

God will reuenge it, whom I will importune

With earnest prayers, all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you wel.

Incapable, and shallow Innocents,

You cannot gueffe who caus'd your Fathers death.

Boy. Grandam we can: for my good Vnckle *Gloster*

Told me, the King prouok'd to it by the Quene,
Deuis'd impeachments to imprison him;
And when my Vnckle told me so, he wept,
And pittied me, and kindly kist my cheekes:
Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,
And he would loue me deere as a childe.

Dut. Ah! that Deceit should steale such gentle shape,
And with a vertuous Vizor hide deepe vice.

He is my sonne, I, and therein my shame,

Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Thinke you my Vnckle did dissemble Grandam?

Dut. I Boy.

Boy. I cannot thinke it. Hearke, what noife is this?

Enter the Quene with her haire about her ears,

Rivers & *Dorset* after her.

Qu. Ah! who shall hinder me to waile and weepe?
To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe.

Ile ioyne with blacke dispaire against my Soule,

And to my selfe, become an enemie.

Dut. What means this Scene of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of Tragicke violence.

Edward my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead.

Why grow the Branches, when the Roote is gone?

Why wither not the leaues that want their sap?

If you will liue, Lament: if dye, be breefe,

That our swift-winged Soules may catch the Kings,

Or like obedient Subiects follow him,

To his new Kingdome of nere-changing night.

Dut. Ah so much interest haue in thy sorrow,

As I had Title in thy Noble Husband:

I haue bewept a worthy Husbands death,

And liu'd with looking on his Images:

But now two Mirrors of his Princely semblance,

Are crack'd in peeces, by malignant death,

And I for comfort, haue but one false Glasse,

That grieues me, when I see my shame in him.

Thou art a Widdow: yet thou art a Mother,

And hast the comfort of thy Children left,

But death hath snatch'd my Husband from mine Armes,

And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble hands,

Clarence, and *Edward*. O, what cause haue I,

(Thine being but a moiety of my moane)

To ouer-go thy woes, and drowne thy cries.

Boy. Ah Aunt! you wept not for our Fathers death:

How can we ayde you with our Kindred teares?

Daugh. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoan'd,

Your widdow-dolour, likewise be vnwept.

Qu. Giue me no helpe in Lamentation,

I am not barren to bring forth complaints:

All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,

That I being govern'd by the waterie Moone,

May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the World.

Ah, for my Husband, for my deere Lord *Edward*.

Chil. Ah for our Father, for our deere Lord *Clarence*.

Dut. Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence*.

Qu. What stay had I but *Edward*, and hee's gone?

Chil. What stay had we but *Clarence*? and he's gone.

Dut. What stayes had I, but they? and they are gone.

Qu. Was neuer widdow had so deere a losse.

Chil. Were neuer Orphans had so deere a losse.

Dut. Was neuer Mother had so deere a losse.

Alas! I am the Mother of these Greefes,

Their woes are parcell'd, mine is generall.

She for an *Edward* weepes, and so do I:

I